

NEWS FROM ALL OVER IMPERIAL MISSOURI

Interesting Happenings Which Have Taken Place in the Greatest State in the Union.

The Product of the Scissors, the Pen and a Little Actual Labor.

Bassville chestnut is August 11 to 18.

Hopkins is planning to have a baseball tournament some time in August.

The Worth horse show will be held on Thursday and Friday, August 26 and 27.

"One skinny dime" is the advertised admission fee of a New Franklin theater.

A Grant City girl who chews gum estimates that her jaw travels up and down 2 miles a week.

And if there is anything in a name, Miss Worm of Redan should excel in doing the late dance steps.

The proposition to light the streets of Grant City carried at the special city election Monday by a vote of 22 to 24.

A carload of Alberta peaches will be sent early in August from Howell and Oregon counties to the San Francisco exposition.

Senator James A. Reed will be at the Platte county fair on Thursday of the fair when he will address the boys on the late racing of the day.

Mrs. Ella Parker, aged 72 years, the mother of Attorney General John T. Parker, died at Quincy, Ill., at the home of her daughter Monday.

An amusement firm operating an air dome at Pleasant Hill announced that if the rite did not quit they would. It didn't, so they did.

A \$200 bond fine will be levied at Lexington, August 3. The proposal is to bind the city for that sum in order to liquidate outstanding indebtedness.

It has been predicted that within 10 years the Ozark country will be the richest part of Missouri, and the richest dairy country in the world, even leading Denmark.

The whereabouts of the former who last year sold it would take ten years to "work up" the lead as it should be covering the country of the Bluegrass Adjacent.

The bonds to raise money for the new \$15,000 school building of Fortescue were sold Saturday, June 16, to a St. Louis firm. A premium of \$275 was given.

A Johnson county farmer owns two domesticated mallard ducks that between April 1 and July 1 laid 132 eggs. "Some ducks," these, says the Odessa Democrat.

The Trenton idea seems spreading to the remote corners of the earth. The Times tells of the receipt recently of a letter of inquiry from Balaklava, South Australia.

Tied to the hitch rack at Amos Hall's store Wednesday was a team of grey mules 42 years old that had been driven over from LaGrange that day—Amsterdam Local.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wendt of Grundy county are receiving congratulations. For the seventeenth time the stock has visited the Wendt household. The latest arrival is a boy.

In attempting to learn something of the sensations of death by hanging, Morris Leonard Stafford, 10 years old, accidentally met death in a barn near his home in Clayton, a local suburb.

There must have been a mighty twister over at Fairfield in Benton county on July Fourth when Eddie Jessie and Jimmie Bird with their families spent the day with Lemmie Bird.

A Baltimore Indian who owns a farm in Lincoln county goes barefoot ten months of each year. He is 46 years old, sleeps out of doors and says he never has been sick a day in his life.

Latest Missouri statistics show that of 2,282,225 persons making up the population of the state, the majority or 1,986,518 live in rural sections, and 300,707, or 496,700, live in cities and towns.

A hungry squirrel put a part of the Maryville telephone exchange out of commission by eating the insulation from one of the large cables of trunk wires.

rather have this one," at the same time displaying his own trusty artillery. The friend took the gun and carelessly pulled the trigger without thinking of it being loaded. There was a loud report, and the bullet burned a red streak in Ed's neck, so close did it pass, and buried itself in the wall.

A small female dog belonging to Sam Offott, living on the Ben Pixley farm, east of town, having lost five puppies, went out one night recently and found a nest of four young polecats, which she carried to the house and has since mothered them most affectionately, being very jealous of her adopted family. They are pretty looking little animals, and seem as well contented as though with their own kind. Mr. Offott takes especial pride in them and is pleased to show them to visitors. They will be denatured in order that no unpleasant conditions may arise in the future. Mr. Offott's home is at the Jim Taylor place, owned by Mr. Pixley, west of Pratherville.—Liberty Tribune.

Speaking of high water, it is said that the Mr. H. Rankin was marooned at Cushing because of a June rise and overflow, while on his way to Texas when he heard a man offering to sell some land in this county at six dollars per acre. Mr. Rankin became interested, and concluded to look at the place and promptly bought it. He then went to Rock Port and consulted a land agent and within a year had purchased over 20,000 acres in central and eastern Atchison county. This was in the middle seventies and within four or five years the Tarkio Valley railroad was built, and Fairfax, Tarkio and Westboro established. The first tract of land purchased is within two miles of Tarkio and is now worth probably \$100 per acre.—Tarkio Avalanche.

One Way to Eradicate the Prune
A meeting of the Boarders' Protective association was held the other night at the Olathe Register reports, and the matter of prunes was discussed and the best ways and means of eradicating these nuisances from the boarder house men were considered. Ezra Standridge, who is one of the town's most successful boarders, stated that prunes had been a staple three times a day at the hash emporium which he patronized until about six months ago. Mr. Standridge said that he cured the lardary of the deadly prune habit by the use of mice. Mr. Standridge recommended that the remains of a shredded mouse be placed in the prune dish of the lardary, and advised it as a sure cure. The association will discuss methods of determining whether pressed chicken is young hen or old rooster at the next meeting. The meeting closed with the singing of the boarders' ode, "Short Sheets Make the Bed Soon Longer."—Kansas City Star.

There Was a Difference.
In the lobby of a hotel they were speaking about speed limits, and Congressman Wyatt Atkinson of South Carolina recalled a story about Jones. One afternoon Jones was rambling along the boulevard when he ran across friend Smith. Handshake and said some talk, which included the war, the weather and automobiles. "By the way," said Friend Smith reflectively, "I hear that you have been buying a machine." "Yes," proudly admitted Jones. "I brought her home about two weeks ago."

"Some speed, of course," returned friend Smith. "How fast can the machine go?" "Well," answered Jones with a smile that was half sad, "it depends altogether on who is timing it, myself or a country constable."

Gesture Sets Him Ablaze.
Lawyer Tommaso O. Conti was defending Paolo Miraglia, on trial in the Brooklyn (N. Y.) county court for sending men out to solicit money for a fake mission. He was in his best form. He called heaven to witness the supreme innocence of his much abused client. He beat his breast. "Counselor, you're all!" cried Judge Hyatt.

"But no!" cried the signor, in great surprise.

"But yes!" shouted two husky court attendants, grabbing off the signor's coat and beating out the flames in a box of matches that he had lit as he struck at his heart.

Found a Volunteer.

A certain member of the municipal court of Paris has been tireless in his activities in behalf of the less fortunate inhabitants of his arrondissement of ward. He makes a tour each morning of the streets of his crowded quarter of the town to see what people in trouble he can help. He directs also a soup kitchen. The other day he learned that the cook was gone.

In spite of his somewhat advanced age this valiant assistant had enlisted in the army—or married a wife or something—anyway, he had vanished. The councilman scoured the town for a substitute. In vain. Never mind, the poor folk must not lack their soup.

The next morning found, in place of the departed artie, behind the steaming pots, the councilman himself officiating as chef and concocting bean porridge of the best municipal brew.—New York Evening Post.

The Voice of the People

To the Editor of The Observer:

Farmers' Bulletin No. 159 United States Department of Agriculture states that no artificial fertilizers are being used in Texas, but that it would be advisable to use certain fertilizers containing a high percentage of phosphoric acid. According to the bulletin, this would hasten the maturing of the plant. Right you are, gentlemen, but we ought not to forget that such fertilizers would have not only a strong stimulating effect similar to that of alcohol on the human organism, but that it would surely attract still more hell weevils and perhaps other Mexican bugs. All bugs thrive on ammonia and phosphates, and they prefer them to any other kind of food. On burning the bodies of bugs, the ashes remaining consist almost entirely of phosphates of potash. This bulletin further states that the cotton crop of the United States has a value of \$600,000,000, and that unless a remedy for the destruction of the cotton pest is discovered, they will cause an annual loss to this country of \$250,000,000. Who can save us?

Our soil is impoverished; it is poor in nutritive salts. The bread our children eat does not nourish them, and the lack of nutritive salts in their food is apparent in their palor and weakness. When our cook bakes bread, the dough is pasty and is hard to knead. It will not rise without a little salt, and the bread is sticky and obnoxious to the stomach and intestines. It is degenerate bread, but although we are all aware of it, no one tries to improve it.

I found the following article in a newspaper:

"Poor quality of wheat keeps prices climbing. Millers will be compelled to import supplies. These enormous stocks are accumulating in Minneapolis, much of it sold for milling corn and new market hay."

Now read this:

"Jones, Oct. 15.—(Special to New York Commercial)—Wheat values still are climbing. The chief cause is the scarcity of choice milling grades, and the scarcity is being felt so keenly that one of the most important milling establishments in the United States has announced that it will this year be forced to import wheat for flour milling purposes."

When this country practically admits that the United States—the so-called "bread basket" of the world, cannot furnish its own mills with supplies of wheat for flour purposes, there is something radically wrong.

With all the importations of wheat from Canada, the millers of Minneapolis appear to be in such stress for wheat suitable for their requirements that they have had to double the rates of their purchases of hard winter wheat. Great Kansas stocks of wheat were of the same time going up at Minneapolis, possibly because being added in six days but only a small quantity of it being fit for flour.

Millers say it takes 10 per cent more wheat to make a barrel of flour than in former days.

Much of the wheat unfit for flour wheat next." This useless, impure seed, condemned wheat is sacked, puffed and pressed, packed in fancy boxes and recommended to the dear people as a "Health Food," an invalid diet, although it possesses no nourishing qualities. What do you think of raising children on food that is fit for dogs? Can they, dosed on this weakly infected stuff, ever become strong, useful men and women?

It is well known that the signor is something radically wrong.

If we would accomplish the normal function of the blood, we must purify the soil by returning to it all the ingredients of which our crops have robbed it.

When our soil shall have been purified the fungous growths, weeds and microbes will find no food on our plants nor in the human body. The battle of life is a battle for food; then why not make an intelligent fight?

and of our fields is exhausted, our grain and all our farm products are impoverished, and man himself has become a poor, impoverished weakling.

Each year sees the products of our soil become poorer and leaner, and the painful cry: "The high cost of living" is heard in our land. And yet, Almighty God has given us the nutritive salts which are lacking in the soil and in our grain, and stored them for us in the rocks and in the sparrows and pest-hogs, as He has stored the heat and power we need in His own body, coal fields. In the stagnant waters of the bogs and marshes, the most valuable nutritive salts have been stored for ages, since the waters carried them down from the mountains into the lowlands.

The soil of our fields is formed by the disintegration of the rocks, which is principally due to the oxygen in the air and to the freezing of water. The soil, therefore, contains, or should contain, the same chemical as the rocks. We divide the soil of our fields into four classes: Sandy soil, loam, clay and calcareous earth. Good agricultural soil contains sand, clay and lime, and the farmer, therefore, improves his loose sandy soil, which easily dries out, by adding clay, while he mixes sand with the heavy, cold clay which does not take up the water, and thus changes it into loam.

Another essential ingredient of good agricultural soil consists of decomposed vegetable substances, and is called vegetable earth, or humus. Its presence is highly important, because it absorbs the moisture from the air and holds it in store, and furnishes it to the plant roots. It also makes the soil porous, and on account of the dark color, shields the heat of the sun's rays, while the process of decomposition continually liberates carbonic acid. It is necessary that the soil should be free to circulate through the soil in order to effect the disintegration of its ingredients and the decomposition of its organic ingredients. Many farmers hold to the opinion that we cultivate the soil simply to kill the weeds, but plowing, digging, batoning and drainage are important aids for the free circulation of air in the soil. Drainage is especially necessary, as an excess of water renders the soil impervious to air. Men, animals and plants, as well as the soil, need air, and a great deal of it—at all times. Without a sufficient supply of air you can draw but little strength from the soil.

The Almighty has given us instruments of all we need for our nourishment. He has given us mountain ranges of rock, large salt marshes and bogs, an enormous supply of sand, clay and lime. He has given us all things which plants, animals and man need for their physical welfare. When we have exhausted the soil of our fields, we can take from His stores, we can dig out the peat and marsh mud, clay and lime, we can grind up the rocks and loam, and our grain and fruits will regain the vigor and vitality of prehistoric times.

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ROBERT L. YOUNG.

MANY KINDS OF ARTICHOKE

Plant Really Is a Variety of Thistle, but Man Has Greatly Improved Its Edible Qualities.

The artichoke, which originally came from Barbary, is not a botanical species, but a variety of the thistle, which grows spontaneously all along the African coast of the Mediterranean from Morocco to Palestine. It is now cultivated extensively in France, where those which come from Italy, Spain, India and Canada, to say nothing of the Jerusalem artichoke, famous for the enormous size of its leaves. In the south of France, when the crop is abundant, the heads are carefully picked of all their leaves and the hearts dried in the sun, put up in sacks, and stored away for winter use. These hearts, when boiled in water, or in a rich beef broth, become soft and recover their form, color and flavor. They are then taken from the pot, the water and broth strained away, the center is filled with forced meat, and they are eaten either fried or baked.

Dreadful Suspicion.

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She—but suppose you're the mark?



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